

Pioneers Tell Of Many Happenings During 1901

An undertaker never hurries, but he's the only man with a job that will always wait for him.

If you think the world is growing better it probably means that you are, and that's worth while.

What's funnier than a group of prominent citizens who realize that they are prominent?

If you can't "get along" with those about you, chances are they can get along very well without you.

Women are useful to hang men's troubles on when the men are too cowardly to hang them on themselves.

The greatest unorganized craft is the face painters.

A good looking girl doesn't worry when other women call her a flirt because she knows it's true and that they are envious.

Among the pioneers present at the reunion last Tuesday night were Tom Kendall and W. J. Douglass. Both presented their views of the early times broadly and were loud in their praises regarding a permanent body. Mr. Kendall arrived in Tonopah early in 1900 and has practically lived in this part of the southern Nevada desert since that period.

The following speeches were made at the Pioneer's reunion of November 11:

BILLY DOUGLASS.

"If you had called on me for a long time I would have been all right. Ladies and Gentlemen: I am a good deal like a story that I read one time of a governor in one of the southern states. His chance he was elected governor and it appears that this governor had never made a public speech. After he was elected he was visiting the different institutions in the state and among those was the state prison. The warden of the state prison did not know that he was not a speaker and he assembled all the prisoners in the dining room and told them he wanted them all to pay particular attention to the governor's speech; that they should be instructed, and wanted them to be quiet. Well, he assembled all the prisoners in the dining room and went to the governor and said:

"Well, governor, I have all the prisoners in the dining room and have told them that you were going to address them."

"The governor replied: 'Why, my God I never made a speech in my life. I wouldn't know what to say.'"

"The warden answered: 'But I have assembled them all in the dining room and they expect you, are looking and waiting for you. Just say a few words and that will be all that is necessary.'"

"Governor: 'Well, all right, I don't want to disappoint them, so I'll make a few remarks.'"

"So they entered and there were all the prisoners and the governor made a bow and said: 'Ladies and Gentlemen: No, dammit, I don't mean that, I mean fellow citizens; oh no, dammit I don't mean that, I mean fellow prisoners. I don't mean that either, but I am damn glad to see so many of you here.'"

TASKER L. ODDIE.

"My friends, what Billy has just told us reminds me of a darkey who made a speech one time and someone asked him how it happened, and he got out:

"Did you carry the audience with you?"

"Yassah, I suah did. I carried them most seven blocks and they never caught me, too."

"Now, my friends, on the back of the menu there is a song composed by Mrs. Hanby, to be sung to a tune we all know. And Lane Syne, and we will ask her to lead this and we will sing it. My friends, it is a fitting tribute to our friend Jim Butler. I will just say one thing, that when Jim found Tonopah and made his fortune, he did not go out and purchase a wonderful estate, buy private domes, etc., but the first thing he did was to buy some warm clothing for some children that he knew were in need. He was a man of that kind, always thinking of someone else, so himself, so loyal and so one knows Jim that doesn't forget him."

So say we all:

"ME AND JIM."

Dedicated to the Pioneers of Tonopah.

(Composed by C. C. Boak.)

Me and Jim found Tonopah.
We kicked a four base hit.
We kicked the cap plum off the lodge.
That's how we discovered it.
We kicked ourselves a fortune—
Did me and Sunny Jim,
And when we'd kicked ourselves enough.

We kicked you fellows in.
We climbed up on Mount Oddie.
And let our good loud bray
That was heard by miners near.
And miners far away;
We gave them each a nice fat lease
And showed them where to dig.
And if they hadn't an "Armstrong" hoist,
We helped them buy the rig.
We knew each man was honest—
Asked nothing but his word,
And in all our hundred leases,
No discord ere was heard.

The man who made a shipment first
And brought in a good fat roll
Advanced a divvy to the rest.
Nor asked no rent nor toll.
You shared your neighbors' pork and beans
And "bunked in" on his shift.
And when he had some ore to hoist,
Turned in and gave a lift.

You emulated brotherhood.
Nor knew no other creed;
You lived it in your every thought.
In your every act and deed.
If I were asked to name the toast
Most fitting, I would thing
The world would rise in unison
And in unison would drink
"To you who knew no secret strife,
Nor had no selfish greeds,
Whose greatest joys you had in life—
To supply your brother's needs."

So here tonight, mid princely mines,
Mid rumble of the mills,
In Tonopah, the city proud,
Built on the hills,
I ask that you will kindly rise,
And raise your voice with me,
The discoverer of Tonopah,
In one prolonged AWE-EE
(Altogether)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 8, 1919.
Pioneer Committee, Tonopah, Nev.:
May the good fairy give me eloquence equal to Patrick Henry, logic of Webster and tenderness of Lincoln consecrated all to Pioneers. May your joy and Americanism be unbounded and your motto "full speed ahead."

C. R. EVANS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 7, 1919.
Pioneer Reunion Committee, Tonopah, Nev.:
Notified all eligible. Will try and be there, although it will be dry without wet goods.

ZEB KENDALL.

Toastmaster Oddie: "We want to now hear from that old reliable and staunch booster for southern Nevada, Mr. Tom Kendall."

TOM KENDALL.

"I am one of the oldest pioneers in the Tonopah district, having arrived during the early part of 1900. The pioneers of the early days are

of the real old stock. They are a dear old bunch. I am glad to be with you tonight and to listen to the able talks of Governor T. L. Oddie and Uri Curtis. Mrs. Greeves, who was just sitting beside me reminded me that it was at her house I partook of the first muligan in the camp. It was some feed and I'll never forget how Billy Douglass enjoyed it. He seems to be enjoying himself here tonight just as he did in the early days. I only hope that the pioneers will form a permanent organization. The country needs something of that sort. I want you, Mr. Toastmaster, to call upon Lottie Stimler, the fourth woman who came to Tonopah. I say 'Miss Stimler,' because that was her name at that time, and we old timers always speak of her by that name. She is now the wife of John Noy, having changed her name in 1901. Again, old pioneers, I thank you and God bless you all."

TASKER L. ODDIE.

"Mrs. Greeves here was the second woman in camp. She helped us over the rough places, made things cheerful and we all owe her a debt of gratitude which we cannot repay. We would like to have a few words from Mrs. Greeves."

MRS. GREEVES.

"I do not know much about speaking but I am glad to see the old miners. I have gone out of this place three or four times, thinking I could stay, but I always had to come back to look at their faces. I have had my friends, I have had my troubles, but it is all gone now. I have no enemies, I believe, anywhere. When I was away from here and with people and they would keep looking back and I would say, 'What a fine matter,' they would say, 'Oh, my enemies!' I made up my mind that when I got back to Nevada I would just talk to everyone, talk to everybody and I have and I have no enemies. I don't owe a nickel to anybody and I have no enemies. I am glad to see you all, and I am glad to stick to dear old Tonopah. Thinking you for your attention."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 8, 1919.
Pioneer Committee, Tonopah, Nev.:
I remember with much pleasure my reception here by the pioneers of Tonopah many years ago and greatly regret that it will be impossible for me to be present with your Tuesday night as my time in the west is limited to a few days. Best wishes and regards to all my old friends.

C. M. SCHWAB.

TASKER L. ODDIE.

"I remember one time a great many had been seeing Schwab away on the train and everyone was at the depot and someone made the remark, 'May his past be as brilliant as his future was.'"

"That reminds me of old Jim Butler again. We were sitting around one night and some prospector came and Jim said, 'Hello there, Bill. How's the prospect getting along?' The fellow answered, 'Oh, pretty good. Oh, it looks good one day and bum the next. I don't know if it's any good or not.' Butler answered, 'Well, you damn fool, why don't you say off every other day?'"

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1919.
Pioneer Committee, Tonopah, Nev.:
Thanks for invitation to Pioneer reunion. Greatly regret I cannot be there to meet my old time friends. Be sure they do not put the hot ramble joint out of commission as Douglas, Nixon, Curtie, Knox and other injuns did many years ago. Keep Detch within reasonable

after that and I is wonderful how

pounds. Pledge Booth not to publish details of banquet. Have Kaycraft, Brown and other married men to none early and sober. If Col. Wheeler furnishes liquor there will be plenty of it and of good quality. I am with you in spirit. No spirits were to put in me.

CHRIS ZABRISKIE.

JIM McQUILLAN.

"The same old bunch. Now ladies and gentlemen, all I can say is that I afford me a great deal of pleasure to be at this gathering and while there are many little instances I could think of, the fact is I have forgotten everything since I got up and I would much prefer to hear Mr. Dunlap and Mr. Oddie and Mr. Curtis talk, because it seems to be way for them to talk and much more interesting than anything that I could say. I thank you."

TASKER L. ODDIE.

"I remember once in Tonopah, Jim and I were talking about cats. Wey, he likes were very thick and Jim was having a terrible time and he said, 'The only thing that we can eat with comfort is huckleberry pie because we can't see them in it.'"

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 10, 1919.
Pioneer Committee, Tonopah, Nev.:
Care Jim Butler:

I sincerely regret that I cannot be with you tonight. Southern Nevada was good to me and I always look forward to a trip down there. The greatest pleasure I have is meeting old friends. The most loyal and sincere men in all the world are the pioneers of Nevada and I wish to extend my warmest and kindest personal regards to all there tonight.

OLE ELLIOTT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 10, 1919.
Tonopah Pioneers, Tonopah, Nev.:
Heartiest greetings. Grateful for remembrance. Sorry can't attend. Mizpah letter by mail.

CLINTON AND BANNERMAN.

Toastmaster: "Here is our old friend Dick Dunlap, who just blew in on us, and we want to hear from him. I want to ask him to tell the story of the 'whisper'."

DICK DUNLAP.

"Well, it is true that I blew in on you now if I don't blow up on you I will be all right."

"I have lived in a good many communities but the choicest spirits I have ever known I have gotten on the desert of Nevada. We are all fortunate and then we have all been unfortunate. While in Ray, Arizona, several years ago I had a guest (Raymond Cox, who lived at Goldfield, he made a lot of money there and like most of us, he lost it. We were sitting at my place smoking one night and he says, 'Well, Dick, if we are lucky enough to make it again we will keep some of it, won't we?' I said, 'Well, Cox, if I had the same environment and the same crowd to spend it with I don't know how I could enjoy the money any better.'"

"Talk about Tonopah being dead; she is like a cat—has nine lives. The first time you know she goes meow and up she goes, always screeching."

"The first man I met in Tonopah was Billy Douglass and I met him in Hawthorne. I was on the road in here and we came in together the next day on the stage. We got in good shape and Puddy Grimes met us at the stage. I landed that night pretty sick, not used to traveling on the stage, though I got used to it after that and I is wonderful how

I enjoyed it.

"When coming in we met a stage going in the opposite direction; we stopped, everybody got out and visited and had to have a drink from everybody from both stages—then we were in a stage of intoxication from that time on. A dish-faced fellow stuck his head out of the other stage and says, 'Come on, have a drink with me,' and I says, 'Who was that guy,' and was informed that he was one Van Duzer—publisher of Van Duzer Blue Book on Tonopah. None in it was rated less than \$60,000, on up to \$60,000,000, with Oddie at the top. Some people think I have not been very consistent in my loyalty to Tonopah, but they are mistaken. I have been away from time to time, but as long as I have been in California I have never registered there or taken any part in the government, but on the other hand have always registered in Tonopah. I have never voted in California as Nevada is good enough for me. This town has been mighty good to me and as I go away and return and back again, I know I think of Tonopah as a fellow does his sweetheart, always glad to see her and like the perfect lady that she is, she makes me believe that she is glad to see me."

TASKER L. ODDIE.

"My friend Dick Dunlap just mentioned about that Blue Book in which they rated me at \$60,000,000. I am like the bookkeeper who swallowed a dollar and said he was out a dollar and in a dollar and could not make his books balance. I just want to ask Dick to tell you a story he has."

DICK DUNLAP.

The story suggested: "Well there was a nigger down in Kentucky who had been participating in too much gin on Saturday; he got back to town and went to bed. There was an organ grinder in town who had a monkey and they would go from house to house and the man would play and the monkey go around with the little tin cup and gather in the pennies. Well, they got around to where this nigger lived and the monkey started out and saw the window open and went in; the nigger was asleep and the monkey perched himself on the edge of the bed. The nigger awakened, reached down for his zinn and says, 'If yo is a monkey, well, you are in a damn bad fix, and if yo isn't a monkey, well, then I'm in a damn bad fix.'"

"I also see amongst us our old friend Mr. Smith, the photographer. I recall my first acquaintance with him. He had moved his photography tent on the vacant lot next to me. There he sat in front with his bushy black whiskers, when all at once there appeared on the scene an energetic little fellow whose whiskers were red. It was ex-Congressman George Bartlett. George had come to make him vacate the lot because it belonged to one of his clients. There was quite a scrap over it. I was just then becoming acquainted with the roulette wheel when I looked at Smith with his black whiskers and George with his red—well, it was hard for me to tell whether I should play the red or the black."

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